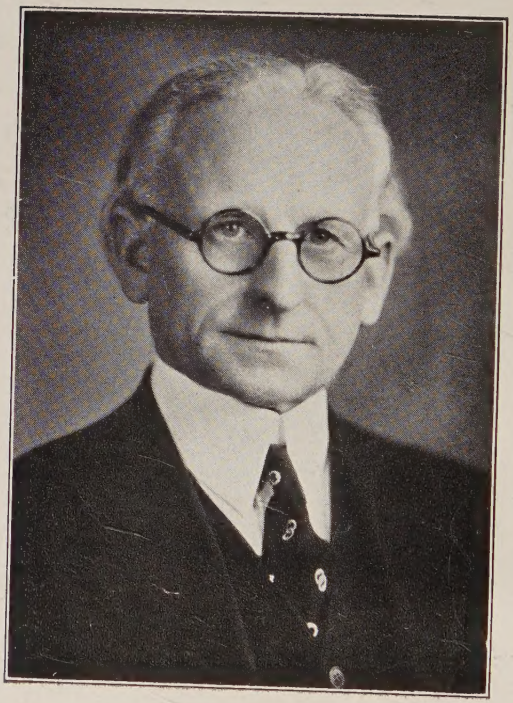
The Old Rugged Cross

A Wonderful Song-Story

To my dear Mother
From
Ann
Xmas - 1933.



The Story

Of

"The Old Rugged Cross"

BRIEF SERMONS BY NOTED PREACHERS
A LIFE SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR
VERSE, STORIES AND INCIDENTS
THE RADIO WORLD

By Rev. Geo. Bennard

THE BENNARD MUSIC COMPANY
108 WEST PORTER STREET
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The Old Rugged Cross.

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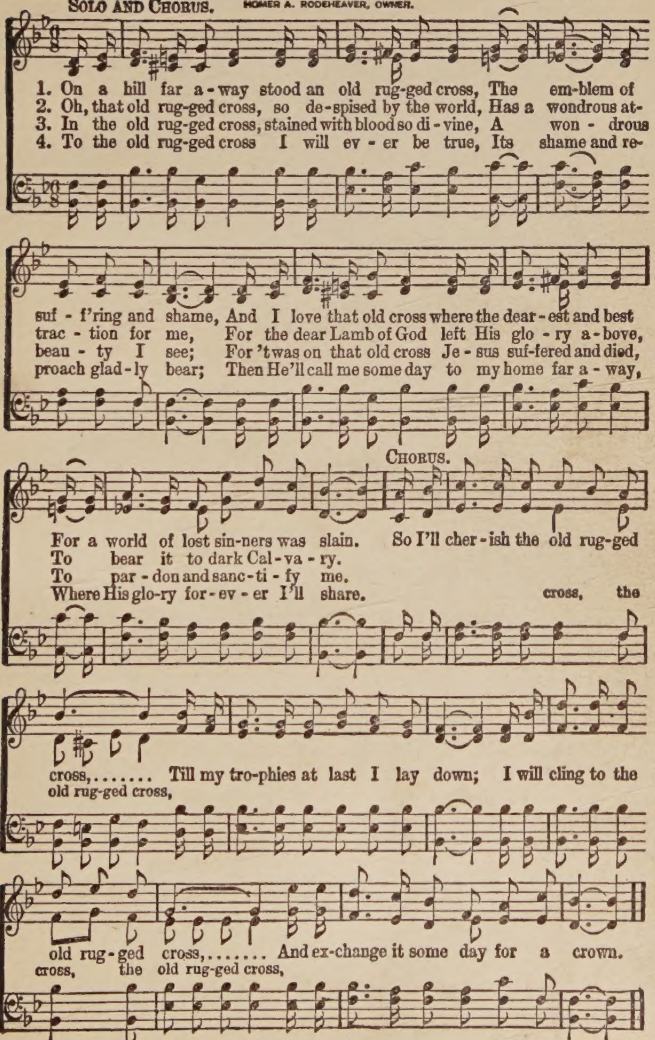
G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. Rev. Geo. Bennard.


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-
suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,
CHORUS.
For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.
cross, the
cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,
old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

The Cross Was His Own

They borrowed a bed to lay his head
When Christ the Lord came down;
They borrowed the ass in the mountain pass
For him to ride to town;
But the crown that he wore and the cross he bore
Were his own—the Cross was his own.

He borrowed the bread when the crowd he fed
On the grassy mountain side;
He borrowed the dish of broken fish
With which he satisfied;
But the crown that he wore and the cross he bore
Were his own—the Cross was his own.

He borrowed a room on his way to the tomb
The Passover Lamb to eat;
They borrowed a cave for him a grave
They borrowed a winding sheet;
But the crown that he wore and the cross he bore
Were his own—the Cross was his own.

The thorns on his head were worn in my stead—
For me the Savior died;
For guilt of my sin the nails drove in
When him they crucified.
Though the crown that he wore and the cross that
he bore
Were his own—they rightly were mine.

—L. M. Hollingsworth.

"The Old Rugged Cross"

An Epic Spiritual Whose Fame Is Immortal

Among the great factors in creating moral and spiritual sentiment in the home, community, and the nation are the songs we sing. We will rise no higher than the moral tone of our songs.

In the spiritual life, there are none that have had greater influence, or proved a greater blessing than Rev. George Bennard's famous song, "THE OLD RUGGED CROSS." It was born in the midst of one of the hard struggles of this great preacher's life, and it has been the battle cry of thousands of souls in the conflict against doubt and unbelief.

In the year 1913 Rev. George Bennard, then living at Albion, Michigan, and making a special study of the Cross in God's plan of redemption, seemed strangely moved to compose this song. Soon after he began to write it he went to New York state to conduct some special evangelistic services and after getting settled, continued to work on it, but seemed to make but little headway so for the time-being laid it aside. He returned to Michigan to conduct another series of meetings and it was during this time that he was called to pass through a rather trying experience at which time he caught a new vision of the Cross and began to see its deeper meaning. As he visualized the

Saviour of men going outside the City he loved so well, bearing the Cross on which He was to give His matchless life on the skull-shaped hill for a sin-cursed and ruined world, he was able to finish the song that was destined to bless humanity around the world.

While the song was still in manuscript form, the author sang it to Rev. and Mrs. L. O. Bostwick, personal friends of his, and so delighted and thrilled were they that they asked for the privilege of paying for having the plate made and the first copies printed.

The first public rendition of this song was at Chicago, Illinois. A large convention, being held at Chicago Evangelistic Institute, was sensibly moved by its wonderful message of simple gospel truth, and like the message of love that is carried from the dear old book, it has not lost any of its power and influence in more than a decade of years, but has carried on until eternity alone will reveal what spiritual good it has accomplished in multiplied thousands of hearts throughout the world.

It is not only sung in the churches of America, but has been translated into many languages and recorded on many thousands of phonograph records. It has become the great favorite in hospitals, sanitariums, in the sick-room and at the death bed. Men behind prison bars have named it "the prisoner's anthem." A bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church has stated that he considers it the greatest of the century. Another Methodist clergyman said, "It is one of the three great songs." The other two being, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Rock of Ages Cleft for Me."

A venerable gentleman living at Hollywood, California, is said to have in his possession the largest number of the original manuscripts of the hymns of the church. He has written the author of "The Old Rugged Cross" stating that the British Museum has requested that he place these

in that great institution, and has suggested that this song deserves a place among them.

The Rev. George Bennard was born in a humble home at Youngstown, Ohio, and when, he was a mere babe, his parents moved to Albia, Iowa, and after living there a few years moved farther west to the village of Lucas, Lucas county. Here he spent his 'teen years and here he was converted. When he was about sixteen years of age his father died, placing the responsibility of the care of a mother and four sisters upon his young shoulders. Because of this fact he was greatly handicapped in securing an education. He received his preliminary education in Iowa. It was not his lot to receive great schooling, gaining his theological knowledge from his associations and faithful readings. His great success is all the more remarkable because of his early struggles. He expresses grateful appreciation for assistance given by musical friends who have taken a live interest in his work.

Some years after the death of his father the family moved to the state of Illinois where Rev. Bennard was married, and not a great while after their marriage he and his young wife became officers in the Salvation Army, where for a number of years they had a delightful ministry with that splendid people. Later they resigned and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. For the past twenty years and more he has travelled practically all over the United States and in Canada carrying on interdenominational evangelism.

Of the many songs he has written, "Speak, My Lord," "Have Thy Way, Lord," "Jesus is Dearer Than All," "O, Make Me Clean," and "The Songs My Mother Sang to Me" are among the most prominent. The first one named rivals in popularity "The Old Rugged Cross."—Music Magazine

Reflected From That Cross

THAT CROSS—despised and graceless thing,
Symbol of direst crime,
Associate with shame and blood,
Marked by the hand of Time
With strange, unholy touch!
Oh God, could there by chance have been
A dreader grief to bear,
More poignant sorrow, fiercer trial,
The human heart to tear,
Than Duty's road to such?

THAT CROSS—by contact with a God,
Transformed into a sign
Of glorious power,
Breaking the seals of death by Will Divine,
And raising into Life.
First fruit of them that sleep—
But only after bloodstained hands,
Held close on that same Cross,
Broke all the force of Sin's strong bands
That He might give us Life.

By Lt-Colonel Blanche B. Cox

Calvary Sermons

The Suffering Saviour

By Dr. Elmer E. Helms*

Luke 24:26. "Ought not Christ to have Suffered These Things?"

These two disciples on that memorable walk to Emmaus in common with the rest of humanity were looking for a Saviour, but not for a suffering Saviour. But lo! He comes a suffering servant, a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief, oppressed, afflicted, brought as a lamb to the slaughter. He could not be our Saviour and not suffer. He must share our lot.

He is the Captain of our Salvation. He could not be a leader and not suffer. Every great cause wears the crown of suffering. That is the price of the crown of leadership. The greater the leader, the greater the suffering, for the greater the capacity for both leadership and suffering.

* Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church, Los Angeles, California.

Who suffers the most in battle, the General or the Private? Who suffered the most in the Civil War? The maiden who "wiped the death damp from her soldier-lover's brow?" The wife who "bound up the gashed bosom of her husband?" The mother whose first born faced the shot and shell and fell? The soldier who went forth to do and die and died? Suffered all these. But there was one who suffered above all. He who went among us a Man of Sorrows, indeed. He who begged his friend, Joshua Speed, to stay with him—Abraham Lincoln, who pleadingly said, "Stay with me, Joshua, tonight; I never sleep Thursday nights, Friday is execution day in the army—stay with me." What a cry, akin to, "My God, my God." One of the penalties, the penalty of leadership is suffering.

Then the higher up in the plane the greater the pain. The jelly-fish may be cut in twain, cut into fragments, and it doesn't even know it has been touched of the knife. The higher the type of life, the finer the sensibilities, the rarer the nerve structure the greater the depth of passion, the deeper the pain, the more bitter the anguish and suffering. This being true, no other man suffered as Jesus suffered. His sensibilities had never been dulled by sin. His nerve life was the highest and finest. So every heart beat became for Him a heart-ache.

Other men saw the lepers and blind and deaf and suffering and sinning and hungry on every hand, and moved along life's way all unconcerned. But He seeing, "had compassion upon them." "Compassion"—suffered with. He, seeing, let healing virtue go forth from Him. He, seeing, stretched out His hand in help.

Other men looked upon Jerusalem and laughed and passed by and forgot on the morrow they had gaze upon the Holy City. But He, seeing, wept over the city, sobbing out, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem." No wonder that in Gethsemane His sweat-drops were blood-drops.

But His suffering not only differed in degree from all

other humans', but differed in kind. As Mary's son He suffered as we suffer. His heart ached as our hearts ache. He sorrowed as we sorrow. But as the Son of Man—divine —He suffered as we can never suffer. We all die. But He "tasted death." Oh, the bitter cup that was pressed to His lips! He gave His life a ransom. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. He was bruised for our iniquities.

Socrates drank the cup of hemlock and "died like a philosopher." Jesus Christ drank down "death for every man." He suffered sacrificially, atoningly. Our hope is in the Crucified One. In degree and kind He measured such lengths of suffering as no mere mortal may ever know.

"Into the woods my Master went,
Clean for-spent, for-spent;
Into the woods my Master came,
For-spent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods he came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content;
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last,
'Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came."

Does not His broken body mean more to you this hour than ever before? And His shed blood? Oh the depth and height and length and breadth of the love of God in Christ Jesus, to pay such a price for me.

The Cross

Dr. H. C. Morrison*

When ancient Rome ruled the world she invented, or used, an instrument of the most cruel torture for the infliction of the death penalty upon those who dared to rebel against her government. This instrument of torture and death was the cross. It was selected because, while death was certain, it was delayed and the torture it inflicted was the most painful that can possibly be imagined.

The hands of the victim were stretched wide apart and nailed upon the cross bar at the top of the beam; the feet were then crossed, a heavy spike driven through and fastened to the beam, and thus the weight of the victim hung upon these cruel nails; the wounds being in the extremity of the body were of a character that but little blood flowed from them. The victim did not bleed to death, but hung there in agony beyond words to describe, the object of ridicule and mockery of the heartless mob.

It was upon this cruel Roman cross that our Lord Jesus Christ suffered and died for the sins of the world. Hanging there amidst the mockery of those who had hounded Him to death, and the heartless soldiers gambling for His scanty garments at his feet, in prayer for their forgiveness he pled their ignorance of the fearful crime they were committing.

* Preacher of the Methodist Church South. Long time President of Ashbury College.

There are times when every Christion should meditate upon this tragic event, when our Christ bore our sins upon this torturing instrument of death. The sinless Christ hung and died there that we sinners might have forgiveness and the blessing of everlasting life, peace and joy with Him in a world where sin and sorrow can never come.

Such contemplations should produce in us, not only a detestation of sin and utter revulsion against it, a profound grief that we ever should have sinned, and an undying passion of devotion and love to the Christ who bore such shame and agony that we might find forgiveness, cleansing of heart and holiness of life through the atoning merit of His sufferings and death.

The crucifixion of the Holy Son of God lifted the cross itself out of the realm of shame and torture to which it had belonged, into a place entirely new and different.

The cross is now the emblem of our holy Christianity. It stands for everything that is good and true and beautiful. It is the finishing touch in the most splendid and magnificent architecture in all the world. The death of Christ gave the cross the chiefest place in architecture, art, poetry and song.

The very sight of the cross thrills the Christian heart with the most sacred reflections, with the deepest gratitude, with the highest and holiest hope. It is meet that we should sing about "The Old Rugged Cross." Never can we forget that on it, an innocent, infinitely holy Christ dies to redeem a sinful world. Eternal praise to His Name! Let it be remembered that those who would be His disciples must take up and bear the cross. There is no Christianity without the cross. Leave out the cross, there is darkness, death and doom; trusting in the Victim of the cross, and bearing it for His sake, means salvation from sin in this world, and all other worlds in the vast creation of our God who gave His Son to the cruel cross for our redemption from sin.

The Suffering and Glory of Christ

By John Paul, D. D.*

"Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead . . . . This Jesus whom I preach unto you is Christ." Acts 17:3.

Christ means the anointed one. The title refers not to His office as Saviour, but to His position as coming King. The Jesus or Saviour whom Paul preached was Chirst who also was to be King.

David, who was a type of Christ, received his anointing (I Samuel 16:13) but did not immediately receive his kingdom. It was necessary for a long period of obscurity and suffering to intervene.

Our Lord was destined to pass through the valley of humiliation to the hill of execution and down to the shadow of hades itself. It was not until then that His servants could proclaim His kingdom accomplished. Since the tragedy of Calvary, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" but a parenthesis of time must intervene before the inauguration of our King. This parenthesis, the gospel age, covers centuries and is well filled with strange and wonderful events. We must remember, however, that time looks longer to us than it does to God. In the eternities which are ahead of us the period of waiting and suffering

* President Taylor University, Upland, Indiana.

which now seems so long drawn out, will appear in retrospect as only a few brief hours.

The suffering of Christ was more necessary than David's suffering which was allowed as a type, but was not inevitable.

David might have come to his throne some other way; Christ could not. While there was reason in the deep wisdom of God for the long months of obscurity and sorrow and grief in the Master's life, the tragedy of blood with which the transaction was finished was not only best, it was necessary to the atonement for the sins of men. Without this the Christ could not have been Jesus, without it Jesus would not have been Christ.

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The Magnetism of the Cross

Dr. Joseph Owen*

The boldest words ever uttered were the words of Jesus, when He said: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." (John 12:32). It was both a challenge and a proclamation: a challenge to the forces of unrighteousness to do their utmost; a proclama-

* President John Fletcher College, University Park, Iowa.

tion that out of the worst should come the best. If He were lifted to the tree of the cross, with its ignominy and shame, its meaning as an instrument of cruelty and death, He would transform it into a symbol of glory; He would change it into a throne of power. He has; He does.

Martyrs on a cross leave it an instrument still; Jesus on the Cross makes it a conquering symbol. Why the difference? What gives to the cross of Jesus its magnetism? What is it that clothes the death of the cross with its mystery?

May not its first reason be that, at the cross, love, even the love of God, has its supreme revelation? Love speaks, and its message is tender. Love woos, and its notes are gentle. Love seeks, and its quest is ceaseless. But love's final word must be spoken in the language of giving. That word had its most emphatic accent and announcement at the cross. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." The greatness of His love is declared by the largeness of His gift. The gift was priceless; the love that prompted such a gift must have been fathomless. That is love's story at the cross.

The cross appeals, too, because it reveals God's moral earnestness in man's spiritual rescue. The value which God placed upon man and the spiritual peril in which He saw the race involved were shown by such parables as the lost coin, the lost sheep and the prodigal son. There belongs to the teaching of these parables a strong emphasis on the divine effort at rescue. The woman diligently searched till she found the coin. The shepherd went out in the teeth of storm and tempest, perchance, with a solicitude that dared even death in search for the lost sheep. The father waited across weary, anxious days, and with breaking heart, the return of the erring and alienated son. Those things signify God's concern. But the last word of redemptive solicitude is spoken at the cross. It is there

that the witness of the Father's earnestness becomes crimson in sacrificial offering.

The cross holds because of its redemptive meaning. New Testament teaching harmonizes with Old Testament revelation in declaring that "without the shedding of blood there is no remission." It also attributes to the death of Jesus on the cross a vicarious and redeeming significance unique and saving. "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law." "Christ died for our sins according to the gospel." "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The uplifted cross will save the Church to wonder and worship:

"When I survèy the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

The cross is central in New Testament emphasis. It is vitally related to the highest standards of experience and life. The song of redemption, full and free, through the blood of the cross shall be the employ of ransomed millions through eternity . . . .

"In the old rugged cross, stained with blood so divine,
A wondrous beauty I see;
For 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered and died,
To pardon and sanctify me."

"It Is Finished"

Jno. 19:30

By Dr. I. M. Hargett*

There are no more thrilling words between the leaves of the old book than that last message from the lips of our dying Christ, as he hung upon the Cross when he cried out in a triumphant shout, "It is finished." No plummet of man's understanding has ever sounded the depths of the meaning of that heart cry. Even those who heard it—the Roman soldiers—the hard-boiled Pharisees—the dying thieves—the devout and sorrowing women—none understood the tumult of motion that sobbed through that heart cry. Even we who know the power of the Cross and Christ in our own hearts and in the hearts of men down across these nineteen centuries only partially understand the meaning of those words—"It is finished."

"It is finished." No more the scorn of Nazareth; no more persecution by His own people; no more misunderstanding by His friends and misrepresentation by His enemies. Down from His heavenly home He had come—now He is going back. Neither before or since has there come among men a personality so dynamic, a person so winsome.

"It is finished." Our Lord's earthly mission is now finished. He has come to open a fountain for sin and uncleanness. Now that fountain has been opened in His own

* Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church, Tulsa, Okla.

bleeding heart. Slowly the head of the Man of Sorrow sinks onto His pulseless breast. He is dead. The Son of God is dead. Dead on a Cross, symbol of crime and shame. God's plan of redemption, conceived before the morning stars sang together, is coming to its blessed consummation on Calvary's Cross. God in Christ on Calvary has found the solution to the most grevious problem that had ever beset the race—baffling to the wise men and philosophers of all ages—the sin problem. By His death upon the Cross Christ with His own blood wrote our emancipation proclamation from sin now and forever. "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."

"It is finished." Christ's death upon the Cross was a finished work of redemption. So complete that we are saved not by what we do, but by what He has done. We are saved not by our own wits, or wisdom or works but through the eternal vicarious love of God in Christ.

"It is finished." Now whosoever will may come—without money and without price—without wisdom and without works.

"What can wash away our sins,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

Whatever may be your philosophic and theologic theories—here is the great central fact and figure of our Christianity—Christ and the Cross.

When we stand here at Calvary and behold God's Son hanging there and hear His glad, exultant, triumphantal shout, "It is finished," we feel the solid rock of a sure hope beneath our feet. God's part of redemption is finished. A foundation has been opened—a highway cast up—a bridge has been thrown across the chasm. God's infinite grace has been brought down to us by way of the Cross. But Christ's redemptive work will be of no avail to us unless we appropriate it.

Standing by the Cross

Rev. Joseph H. Smith*

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen" (John 19:25). Others whose love was less had "followed him afar off." Some looked on at a distance. Nearness to the Cross determines our love of Him.

Some preachers, and many writers (writers and preachers, too, who would be counted Christian) are standing a long way off from the Cross. The striking form of the Man of Galilee is seen, and a Master among religious leaders is shown; but the shadow of the Cross scarce even faintly appears in much they write and say. And as for the religion that was started by Cain (and spreads like a wild grass today with many different blooms) the religion of self-culture and of nature's fruits, there is no Blood of a spotless Lamb to be found in it.

Our educational leaders today are not standing by the Cross of Christ. As a consequence, not only the youth of our land; but preachers and people of our churches are getting almost out of sight of Calvary. An inspired apostle foresaw this trend and set a precedent by relegating to the rear his own learning of the schools, (what he had gained at Tarsus, and even much he had at the

* Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Evangelist and noted Bible Expositor of Redlands, California.

feet of Gamaliel) that he might know nothing among men save Jesus Christ "and him crucified." He demonstrated that not the wisdom of men but the Cross of Christ is the support of Christian Faith.

Only by standing by the Cross of Jesus can we know the virulence and the violence of sin. There is but scant repentance where Christ is only known as a good man and a great teacher. And only there can we know the greatness and the goodness of the mercy of God. Barabbas deserved and escaped that cross, because Jesus was assigned and accepted it. And Barabbas is file leader of us all; but we go free, because Jesus as our Savior died on the accursed tree. The Cross that is to Jews a stumbling block and to Greeks foolishness "is the power of God unto salvation to them that are called."

One drop of the Blood of the Immaculate has merit to expiate the guilt and expurge the corruption of a whole race of the degenerate. As the pollution and sinful life of Adam, the federal head of mankind brought sin and death to all his progeny, so the righteousness and the vicarious death of Jesus, the second federal head of humanity, avails to bring holiness and life to all who have become children of God through faith in him.

The Cross of Christ bridges the gulf between guilty man and an angry God. By it God draws nigh to the sinner in mercy: by it the sinner may draw nigh to God in penitence. Thus Christ has made peace by His Cross. His death for us has made reparation of the breach that was between us aliens and the commonwealth of Israel. This was the ladder which Jacob saw reaching from heaven to earth with angels descending and ascending to the Lord at the top. This is that brazen serpent which Moses lifted up, as those who had been bitten looked, they lived. It was by the Cross that the Lamb of God took away the sins of the world.

Thus, "for the joy that was set before him Jesus endured the Cross." That was the joy of our redemption. For this he "despised the shame," and is set down at the right hand of God. Him we will glory in the Cross. Not but what it makes us weep to stand by and see his sufferings and hear his groans; and to know that it was our sins that caused it all; but we glory in a God that "so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish; but have everlasting life."

We glory in a Saviour that was as a spotless Lamb, holy and undefiled and separate from sinners, who gave himself unto death at once so ignominious and so efficacious for our salvation. And we glory in this that "He loved the church and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it . . . . and present it to Himself a glorious church," like Himself, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy."

To stand by the Cross of Jesus is more than to stand to the historical fact of the case; more than to stand to its doctrinal significance thus: it is to go "all the way to Calvary with Him" ourselves. It is to be "made conformable unto His death." It is to be "baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized." It is to be "planted together in the likeness of His death." It is to be "crucified with Christ." Not that our crucifixion thus can bear more than a likeness to his. There is no merit for ourselves or others in our death to sin. "He went a little further" than we can go, but by His grace we can "stand by the Cross of Jesus," close beside it. So that its reflection may be seen in our death to the vain pomp and glory of the world: and its merits may be felt in the death of all carnal affection in us.

The beloved disciple, too, like Mary, His mother, must have stood close by the Cross of Jesus that day: for he

heard His faint, expiring breath address him saying: Behold thy mother." And if we would dwell in the secret place of the most high, and be entrusted with the sacred treasures of His love, and learn His highest calling and trust for our life, we will like Mary and John be found "standing by the Cross of Jesus."

Standing to worship and adore.

Standing with faith in the efficacy of His Blood.

Standing in readiness to accept any charge or commission he may give us—even to the loving not our lives even unto death.

Standing in hope of our resurrection to behold Him crowned at last.

Sin's Awful Tragedy

By Dr. C. W. Butler*

Text: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me." Matthew 27:46.

The darkest hour in the history of time, and as far as we know of, in eternity too, was the hour when God turned His back upon His Son and left Him to die upon Golgotha's hill. The question has been asked of me, why did the Father thus forsake His Son and leave Him to die alone? I believe the answer to be twofold. First, it is here that the true nature of sin is being revealed. Jesus Christ is not dying the death of a martyr. Had this been true He would have been supported and sustained by the presence and grace of God, but He is dying unto sin. He is being "made sin for us who knew no sin."

Here sin has its full and free play. The enemies of God who delivered, condemned, and crucified Jesus Christ, while fulfilling prophecy, did so in the freest use of their own moral powers. They were not compelled except by the awful working of that hatred and sin nature within which marks fallen man as bearing the very likeness of God's arch enemy, the devil. Here sin reaches a fearful climax. Here we have a true picture of sin's eternal death.

* President Cleveland Bible Institute, Cleveland, Ohio.

This death is marked by its separation from God, by its loneliness, its darkness, and its hopelessness. God is here judging sin, in order that in righteousness it may be put away. He is bearing the curse of the law. He is making of His soul an offering for sin. The sun refused to shine on such a scene while angels hushed the music of their blest abode and viewed in dreadful silence sin's awful tragedy.

There is a second side to the question, for as sin's awful tragedy is before our gaze heaven's highest love is being revealed. "In this the love of God was manifested in that He gave His only begotten son" to die for a lost race of men. "God commendeth His love toward us in that while we were yet sinners in due time Christ died for the ungodly." This reveals to us the infinite compassion and love of God as nothing else could possibly do. The awfulness of sin and the marvels of divine love are both here revealed. By this supreme effort on the part of Diety on behalf of humanity several facts are clearly established.

First, the barriers that hindered a holy God from forgiving and saving guilty man are so far as God's side of the question is concerned removed. Law is honored, government is maintained, and the righteousness of God is manifested.

The provision for a present, a full and an eternal salvation for all men from all sin is complete.

Secondly, the strongest moral appeal is made, and the highest moral incentive furnished a morally free subject of God to repent, to choose righteousness, and both turn to and go wholly with God. May this be the decision of every reader of these lines.

The Old Rugged Cross

By Colonel Blanche B. Cox*

This splendid tribute of our brother's love to his Lord, of his ardent desire that the world should rightly understand the true symbol of the Cross, and of his poetical understanding put into words and music, have meant much to the militant church. We have through it a better conception of what our salvation costs, of the reality of shame and suffering borne by our adorable Lord and Master. We turn with even more distaste than formerly from the untrue, flower-bedecked crosses of imagination, and find our solemn way to the real Calvary-summit one of blood, of anguish and of last cries. The writer has stood on more occasions than one outside the ancient walls of Jerusalem and gazed upon a slight elevation, now crested by Mahommedan tombs, upon which we believe our Saviour offered His sacred life that we might inherit eternal life. There is no more outward beauty about it today than there was then; it was the place of execution, associated with criminals, mortal agonies and final judgments. There He died. And there reborn souls come into life, since everyone who would know redeeming grace wrought in their hearts must be a visitor to Calvary; not in the literal sense of journeying to Jerusalem and thence outside the walls to that little hill, but in spirit to the

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old rugged cross upon which the great Lover of souls poured out His love and His life that we might have a right to enter again into the Eden from which sin had driven the whole family of man.

And there is another aspect to this. The soul who on Calvary's spiritual summit has lost the burden of sin, entered into a life-long covenant with his Redeemer, and completely changed masters, must henceforth be a sharer of the same Cross with his Lord, that he, too, may become a Saviour of men. It is duty, it is more—it is a blessed privilege. The shame for us, too, will turn to glory, the suffering into rejoicing, and the power of the Cross will play upon our efforts light—a holy light, transforming and transmuting weakness into power, trembling into strength, turning testimony into song, and giving to us that ability to make attractive to others the sweet attractiveness of our Lord. We in the Salvation Army had once with us, now in glory, a converted Buddhist priest in Ceylon, who gave us a glorious motto—the Cross is the attraction. This, indeed, it must be to and through us.

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The Cross: Our Glory or Our Shame

By Commissioner Brengle*

Text: "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." (Gal. 6:14.)

What! Glory in the Cross! in the gallows! the electric chair! the guillotine!

* International Spiritual Special for Salvation Army Work

Men glory in power, in fame, in riches, in learning, in beauty, in winnning a horse-race, a prize-fight, or a fortune by defrauding widows and orphans and poor folk whom they have duped in winning an election by lying, bribery and intimidation; in seducing or rapeing sweet, pure innocence; in being king of gunmen and bootleggers; the red Indian gloried in the number of scalps he won in battle; the head-hunter in the number of human heads he could bring home as the price of his bride,—"whose glory is in their shame," so blind are men to true glory, to values which are eternal!

But here is a man, Paul, whose glory is in the Cross, and that the cross of Another, a poor peasant, a young Jewish Carpenter, rejected by his own people and crucified by Roman soldiers! Is this man, Paul, gone stark mad?

What is the cross? On the man-ward side it is the symbol of ignominy and shame, of defeat and enslavement; the instrument of violent and agonizing death. Glory in that!

But wait! Since that young Jewish Carpenter died upon the Cross there is another, a heaven-ward, a God-ward side, and that side is the symbol of victory over all the wiles of hate of hell, over all the guilt and sin and shame of earth. It is the symbol of God's infinite pity for us in our ignorance, our helplessness, our abject spiritual poverty and utter need; of God's tender mercies toward us in our guilt and sin; of His great, everlasting love reaching out wounded hands through our darkness to find and draw us to Himself and lead us Home.

That young Jewish Carpenter, who built houses in Nazareth, was He who made all worlds and upholds them by the word of His power (John 1, Heb. 1, Colos. 1:16, 17) and out of kindness and pity for a world of sinners lost He came and died on the Cross for us, took our place and suf-

fered in our stead, "the just for the unjust that He might bring us to God," and that Cross became the altar upon which He, God's spotless Lamb, without blemish, poured out His blood an atonement for our sins. That cross became the instrument of redemption, of salvation from all sin for all who with penitent hearts believe on Jesus and, renouncing sin take up their cross to follow Him.

No wonder Paul gloried in that cross! The love made manifest and outpoured there broke Paul's proud heart and won him utterly to the side of Jesus. And one day this redeeming love reached me, conquered me with its tenderness, drove sin out of my heart, set Heaven in my soul and made me eternally Christ's.

The cross becomes the everlasting glory of all who accept it; but the eternal shame of those who reject it, for to reject it is to reject light and choose darkness; to reject redeeming love and choose sin and death; to reject holiness and Heaven and choose shame and Hell.

"O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on thee;
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May fuller, richer be.

"O cross that lifteth up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust my glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."

Meditations on the Cross

By Bishop W. F. Oldham*

1. The Cross is not an episode in the life of Jesus, it is an abiding fact. The Cross has lain across the heart of God from the time that sin entered the world. God is love and love suffers keenly when the objects of love are involved in disaster and pain. So long as a single unredeemed person pursues his sinful way there is an ache in the heart of God, and man's disobedience lays the Cross upon the heart of the loving Father.

2. In the Cross we see the measure of the sinfulness of sin. Sin at first beguiles, the wrong thing seems full of pleasure and to involve no special consequences, but sin, when it is finished, when it comes to its fulness of destroying strength, bringeth forth death and all its cruel hideousness may be seen by looking at Jesus on the Cross, for the hate and cruelty manifested in the crucifixion of Jesus are to be found in every least sin. The Roman church endeavors to divide sin into two classes, venial or little sins and mortal sins, but there is no such line of distinction. The least of the venial sins, so called, has in it the seed of hate and cruelty and murder and utter disregard for human and divine rights manifested in the crucifixion.

You have seen pretty picture cards with a cross around which is entwined beautiful flowers and spreading leaves. The whole picture is attractive, but in actual life the

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leaves wither and the flowers fade and all that is left is the dark outline of the cross made still more hateful by the withered flowers upon it. So it is with sin.

3. And the Cross is the measure of God's love. A thousand proofs of His love life abound but the Cross shines forth the message of that love preeminently. In this was manifest the love of God; all other tokens of that love pale into insignificance as the stars pale on the rising of the sun. The Cross is the measure of that love that spared not His only Son, but gave Him to the life of hardship and the death of agony upon the Cross and, if you would endeavor to measure the love of God, you will see it in the Cross that lay upon His heart when He heard His well-beloved Son cry in more than mortal agony, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

4. And finally, the Cross is that tree symbolized by the tree that Moses cast into the waters of Marah, when journeying in the Wilderness, by which the bitter waters were made sweet and death was changed into life. So the Cross stands for our redemption from the bitter waters of failure and futility. Sin weakens and soils, the Cross redeems and restores. The greatest joy that can come to the human heart is to be restored to usefulness and effectiveness, to have life saved from polution and from weakness.

This is the joy of the Cross.

The Cross Our Banner

By M. S. Rice, D. D.*

"Oh grave, where is thy victory?" I Cor. 15:55.

We shout defiance at death and lift the Cross on which our Saviour died as our banner above the grave. The symbol of death has become the new symbol of life. We are not discouraged. We are not defeated. We have come on down the ages, gathering ever new and increasingly convincing evidence to the living victory of our Crucified Lord.

I sometimes take my pastoral record and go back along the years of my ministry to mark the places where I have personally witnessed the triumph of our faith.

Death breaks in. Death knows no etiquette. The great monster comes smashing its unwelcome way through every door, and laughs at the pale helplessness writ on the faces of physicians and nurses. I am called so often to try to steady the hearts of those who can hear the pounding of the hammers at the barricaded doors of mortality. Huddled there, we know the doors cannot stand. No position of life too rare. No relation too sacred. Death strikes us down.

Twice in the very recent days have come to my door broken-hearted fathers whose noble sons have been taken. Clean, manly, ambitious, brave Christian fellows, they. Did death win? I raise my banner of the Cross before the question and ask it without a quaver in my voice.

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Robert Browning made bold to seek such a question. He wove his faith like a shining thread everywhere through his poetry. In conversation with a friend of his one day about his faith, he made Prospice a world famous declaration as it raises to reproof the idea of so much as an inquiry— "For myself, I deny death as an end of anything. Never say to me. I am dead." That is the fine supremacy of Christian faith. There we raise the Cross as a banner of life.

I well remember the first grave I ever came up to as a minister of the Gospel. Just to the right of the path soon after entering the gate of a little country cemetery. How lonely it was. That service has flavored my whole ministry. Poor old Andrew Anderson. A man without a mourner. No one present could give any trace of relatives. The little country community therefore came solemnly out and accorded him a respectful funeral, and a Christian burial. He had lived alone. He had died alone. Death introduced us. The whole community came together to unite its song of faith at that lonely grave. It was not Andrew Anderson that left the impression of that sacred hour. It was the fact that somehow in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ there was an embracing meaning for a world. I said that day I would lift up that banner of the Cross before that grave, and go forward in the confidence of the message to every grave that might be before me in whatever my ministry might be.

Today with the years of accumulated experience behind me and amid the press of a thronging appeal, I have never failed to realize the meaning of that well founded faith.

"O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead.
And from the ground there blossom's red
Life that shall endless be."

The Message of the Cross

By Dr. L. M. Grigsby*

The air is full of cheap talk about the peasant of Galilee and the prophet of Galilee. Christ is heralded as a teacher and an example. His Cross is ignored, shunned and spurned. Nothing is needed more today than a revived conception of the moral necessity of His sacrificial death and the greatness of the Cross. The career of Jesus is central in the plan and purpose of God, and the Cross is central in the career of Jesus.

The Cross reveals the terrible nature of sin. In the measure that men lose the consciousness of God, they lose the consciousness of sin. Light and trifling views of sin are dangerous. Sin is not an accident. It is the tragedy of the universe. It broke the heart of God.

The Cross reveals the divine method of escape from sin. "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." In holy love, on behalf of the Father, Jesus took upon Himself the guilt of the world, and in one mighty redeeming act He changed the course of the race." By Himself, He purged our sins." I do not understand the atonement. No theory is big enough to cover the fact. But I understand this, that on the Cross Jesus died for me.

There He became the rallying-centre of the race, the head of the new creation. There God tasted death for

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every man. And that is enough.

"So while the Cross displays my sin,
In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon, too."

The Cross gives us a real assurance that God loves us. This is the distinctive feature of Christianity. There is no religion untouched by Christianity that has any firm grip of this truth. Nature does not reveal this. The building does not reveal the moral character of the architect. Sacrifice is always the measure of love. The soldier and the mother illustrate this. When I stand at the Cross, I behold something assuring. "God so loved that He gave." So when my heart asks for proof of God's love, the answer is, "The Cross." This love is not called forth by any merit of worth or goodness in us. "When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Jesus our Lord in Gethsemane

By Rev. James M. Gray,* D. D.

"O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." Matthew 26:39.

This transaction in the history of our Lord is big with difficulty. Who can comprehend it?

To some it has seemed to militate against His nature and dignity that when the cross was thus presented to Him distinct and near, He should pray that a door be opened through which to escape from it. They cannot harmonize it with His love for souls nor His obedience to His Father's will, much less with His own deity, that He should seek to have this cup removed.

But, perhaps, one reason is that such as these do not clearly apprehend that He had another than His Jehovah nature. Christ had a proper humanity, a real body and a real soul. Though without sin, He was liable to the mutual influences of body and mind as we are, and hence liable to the temptations arising through the machinations of the Evil One. Did not His humiliation consist in this, that He purposely held in abeyance the attributes of deity when

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He entered upon our circumscribed life? May not this help us to understand His agony in the garden?

But another reason why we cannot fathom the mystery is, because we do not know the nature of that cup which He was called upon to drink. Its depths of horror could not be revealed to us.

Let us not suppose, however, that it was simply the fear of death, even the most cruel or ignominious, which wrung this agonizing cry from Him. The cup He had to drink was not the same as that presented to those who have suffered in His cause as martyrs. If so, as others have pointed out, the pupils, in some instances, have shown greater faith and fortitude than their exemplar.

If it were the tortures of approaching death He was enduring, then it was not merely that death which separates soul from body, but the more awful death which eternally separates both from God. Doubtless the secret is found in the declaration of Paul to the Corinthians: "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (II Cor. 5:21). It is as the Mediator of a fallen world, the Surety on whom the Lord laid the iniquity of us all, that we behold this immaculate One suffering in the garden.

He is amazed, but it is at the abomination of our misdeeds. He is bearing sorrows and carrying griefs, but they are our sorrows and our griefs. He is wounded, but it is for our transgressions. He is chastised, but it is for our peace.

The commentator, Scott, put it truly, doubtless, when he said: "Christ at this time endured as much misery, of the same kind with that of condemned spirits, as could possibly consist with a pure conscience, perfect love of

God and man, and an assured confidence of a glorious event."

Bishop Ryle quotes this expression, and adds: "I believe that this view is the only reasonable solution of our Lord's agony . . . The experience in the garden is a knot which nothing can untie but the old doctrine of our sin being imputed unto Christ, and Christ being made sin and a curse for us."

Mrs. Cousin has grasped its significance in her beautiful hymn:

"Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, love drank it up;
Now blessings draught for me."

The Cross, The World's Greatest Paradox

By C. F. Wimberly*, D. D.

The Cross stands alone in the world's faith; there is no duplicate, or counter-part to be found anywhere. It stands as a gigantic paradox and contradiction. With many it is crude, barbaric—emblem of a "slaughter-house" religion, but to others it harmonizes with the loftiest visions of beauty and glory. It means dishonor and humiliation over against honor and exhaltation; it is suffering and shame over against the holiest sensations of the soul. The Cross shocks the esthetic sensibilities of scholastic culture of all ages, but it also thrills the finest spirits with visions sublime. The Cross is ugly, inhuman, but scintillates with a beauty that lures the master artists like the songs of the Sirens; its memory carries the dull thuds and harsh discords heard on the "place of the Skull;" its memory also suggests harmonies that have inspired immortal oratories. The Cross shrouded the earth in darkness, but its shadows have turned golden sunbeams into the spectrum of glorious colors; from a depraved conception of ridicule and mockery, the poets have sung their sweetest songs. The Cross was surrounded by a cruel, blood thirsty mob, but around the Cross also hungry hearts by faith have been lifted to raptures unspeakable and full of glory.

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The Cross was the penalty for the extreme offense against society; it is also the key that will unlock the heaviest prison doors, and set at liberty a condemned society. It can transform a crown of thorns on the quivering brow, suffering unto death, into a crown of life, incorruptable, undefiled and that fadeth not away. The Cross is the equation between sorrow and joy, mourning and rejoicing, dispair and hope, abasement and exaltation, poverty and riches; it is the Rubicon between defeat and victory, eternal despair and eternal happiness—life and death, heaven and hell. The Cross—the glorious Paradox.

The world sees in the Cross a fetish of ancient barbarism; the believer sees in it the ancient and the modern wisdom of God; the world sees in it foolishness, nonsense —a stumbling block; the believer sees in it the only solution for the world's problem of sin. The world sees in the Cross a delusion of fanatical zeal; the believer sees in it a conscious satisfaction for the yearnings of a troubled heart. To blinded eyes, the Cross means only the crucifixion of a religious zealot; to the eyes of faith it is a double crucifixion, crucifying the world's shame, passions and pleasures, and at the same time delivers the struggling soul to a vantage ground of safety. "I am crucified unto the world," shouts the Apostle Paul, "and the world is crucified unto me."

The hopes and aspirations of the Apostles died at the Cross, but a task was finished there which was soon to burst forth with the effulgent hope that was anchored steadfast within the veil. The surgings of a storm-tossed, sin-cursed world could not lift the anchor.

The Cross preaches to us a message of death—the inevitable concomitant to eternal life. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." Dying into life— amazing paradoz of Godliness. It further preaches to us a giving up of all, that we may gain all. "If

any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me. Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake —the same shall save it." A loss that can only be recovered at the foot of the Cross.

The Cross is the heaviest and yet the lightest burden in the world; he who bears it earns a pass-port into the crown-room where there is laid up a crown for those who may thus qualify. Wearing a beautiful emblem about the neck—even though it be gold, is not cross-bearing; cross-bearing means agony, suffering, fainting, blood—and sometimes death, rather than disloyalty to the Cross Victim of long ago.

The Cross means the giving up of a world that passeth away, with its lusts, that another world may be gained which will need not the light of the sun by day, or the moon by night, for the One who first bore the Cross will be the light thereof, and around its head sublime, there will be no dimming clouds. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

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The Scarlet Knot on the End

A Quiet Talk by Mr. S. D. Gordon,* D. D.

Jesus's life was fascinating. Ten years and more of childhood; twenty years or less of a commonplace life in Nazareth. Three and a half years of helping folks, teaching, healing, paying taxes, talking personally.

Now, a night of tensest spirit-suffering and wear, under the gnarly olives, with the coarse soldiers' rough jeering and worse.

* Author of "Quiet Talk" Devotional Books.

And, now, six hours of bodily suffering, and wear. The bodily suffering so cruel that even cruel Rome quit it as too cruel. And the priests' sarcastic flings mingle with the mobs' heartless jeers.

And, now, three hours of darkness, strange, weird, that could be felt, the sun at its brightest flood of light fails utterly. Three hours of silence, tense, made breathing painful. The chief priests quit their sarcastic flings, the rude mob its railing, the ignorant soldiers their coarse jesting. Three hours of suffering, bodily suffering beyond any other known; spirit suffering beyond what any other could know or can. Three hours of darkness, of silence, of suffering.

Then a voice is heard. His voice, low, strangely clear, vibrant, pleading, plaintive, piercing, heart-broken, heart-breaking, in His mother-tongue, His native Aramaic, This Jesus speaking to His Father: "My God! My God! Why didst Thou forsake me?"

This reveals the fathomless depth; forsaken, deserted, left alone, utterly alone by the Father, whose conscious presence was His very life. This was the bitterest suffering, beyond words. Three hours of time, three centuries of suffering, three milleniums of heart-break, three eternities of separation from — the Father! No time note, no clock, no calendar, can tell out the meaning to Jesus.

"'Why!" Not a question; an exclamation of unspeakable astonishment. He didn't know it meant this! He couldn't. He knew as a matter of knowledge. He didn't know, he couldn't know as a matter of experience, except by going through it. This is the crux of the cross, the unfathomed, unfathomable meaning of Jesus's death.

Separation from the Father—this is what death really meant, and means. This is what Sin means and does. Three hours, three centuries, three milleniums, three eternities

of separation, spirit separation, conscious separation from the Father.

Again that silence; again the voice, His voice, a moan, clear, distinct, revealing the effect of suffering by crucifixion, the intensest physical suffering known, "I thirst."

Again silence. And again the voice, the third time. But, not now a low piercing cry; not now a moan of thirst. No, no. It is a loud, exultant shout, the victor's shout. It rends the silence with vibrant thrill. It cuts the air like a knife. It startles the darkness and the tensely-awed throngs.

"It is finished!" "The task has now been done." "The thing I came for is now accomplished." "It's done, done to the full." That cry rang out into all ears. It has rung out into men's ears, through the ages to all the earth.

The soft, low, clear, gently spoken, "Father, into Thy hands I yield up my human spirit." It does not say that he died. The language is not that commonly used of one dying. He was not overcome by death. Here is the one exception regarding death. He was master still in dying. "He yielded back His Spirit."

As His head drops on His chest, a rude soldier, quickly thrusts his knife-edged spear into His loin. Instantly there gushed out "blood and water." That separation tells the physician how death came; not because of His terrible wounds. The process of His death is clear. The walls of His heart were ruptured by the strain on His spirit.

That three hours (by earth's crude reckoning) of grief, of separation, actually broke His heart. And the Psalm comes to mind: "Reproach and shame hath broken my heart."

His own words come again: "I lay down my life for the sheep . . . . . I have power, right, authority to lay it down and to take it up again." And yet again He speaks: "I gave my life for thee."

The Centrality of the Cross

By Rev. Paul S. Rees*

The Cross is central!

Speaking generally, the Church of our day needs to be called back to the primacy of Christ's death in the Christian program of human redemption. Not the Divine Fatherhood, nor the Incarnation, nor yet the Kingdom of God, but rather the Atonement, is the determining and supremely vital thing in our cherished faith. That God in Christ, through the death of the Cross, has been reconciled to man, His love having expressed itself not cheaply at the expense of His holiness, but nobly and consistently to the satisfaction of His holiness, and that man's first and most fundamental need is salvation from sin—this is the truth that constitutes the very core of the Christian religion. The Cross, therefore, is central, not marginal; essential, not incidental! "For I delivered unto you first of all," says St. Paul, "that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

The Cross is central!

The first redemptive promise, concerning the seed of the woman bruising the head of the serpent, finds fulfillment at the Cross. The last redemptive anthem, sung to "Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood," draws its inspiration from the Cross. Fingers of prophecy in the Old Testament point to the lifting of the

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Cross, while voices of preaching in the New proclaim the power of the Cross. The life of Jesus led to the Cross: the Incarnation contemplated it, the Resurrection complemented it, Pentecost was the consequence of it.

The Cross is central!

Do you speak of the great doctrines of Christianity? They find their center at the Cross. Of the magnificent achievements of two milleniums of Church history? They have been wrought under the compulsion of the Cross. Of the streams of evangelism and civilization that are ever pouring their life into the nations of the world? They take their rise at the Cross. Of the fetters of evil habit and sinful practice? They are snapped at the Cross. Of the sentence of death that is against us? It is cancelled at the Cross. Of the guilt that haunts us? It is forgiven at the Cross. Of the sin that is within us? It dies at the Cross. Of the world that tempts and allures? It is stripped of its glory at the Cross. Of the bitters of life—its sorrows, disappointments, losses? They are sweetened at the Cross. Of the power of Satan? It is broken at the Cross. Of the fear of judgment? It is destroyed at the Cross. Of all hope of life everlasting? It is founded on the Cross. Of the ineffable glory of the Heaven of the redeemed? It is borrowed from the Cross. For to all eternity will it be true of the City, that "the Lamb is the light thereof!"

The Cross is central!

"The hands of Christ
Seem very frail,
For they were broken
By a nail.
"But only they reach
Heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast."

In the Cross of Christ

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred glory
Gathers 'round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'er-take me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross, the radiance streaming
Adds new luster to the day.

John Bowring

Stories and Incidents

The Old Rugged Cross

By F. C. Blore

"On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And I love that old cross where the dearest and best
For a world of lost sinners was slain."

The strong, clear tenor voice of the singer rang out over the congregation and except for that an occasional sob breaking forth from among the listeners, the great building was in solemn silence.

As if in a swell of glory and triumph and as though himself having drunk as deeply as any of words he was singing, the soloist burst forth with the chorus:

"So I'll cherish the old rugged cross
Till my trophies at last I lay down,
I will cling to the old rugged cross
And exchange it some day for a crown."

The charm of the singer's voice and the weight of his message claimed all attention. Among the audience were

many to whom the rugged cross was an emblem of joy, but here and there among the throng were those whose shoulders gave no sign of cross-bearing—strangers they seemed to ought but self-indulgence.

As the singer proceeded,

"Oh, that old rugged cross, so despised by the world"
"Has a wonderous attraction for me
For the dear Lamb of God left His glory above
To bear it on dark Calvary."

Is it any wonder that many eyes began to dim? The vision of that eternal sacrifice loomed up. It is natural for us to feel grateful for kindness shown to us, but who can set bounds to his feelings when the Christ and his sacrifice is set up before him? Men may tell us of hardened criminals, of irredeemables, and of the incorrigible; but let such branded characters once see the ignominy endured by the Lamb of God, the personification of unselfish love! Such a scene as Calvary will melt the heart of adamant.

"Then He'll call me some day to my home far away,
Where His glory forever I'll share."

As the words welled forth, they came through trembling lips. Ah, that blessed hope of God's people. Heaven is not a mere dream of childhood's days, it is a reality that the wisest of minds believe in. Glorious prospect.

But as the chorus peeled forth once more:

. . . . and died away on the stillness, we were reminded that the time of cross-bearing is still with us. And, too, the unrepentant have yet time to make their peace with God, have yet time to prepare for that unfailing visitor, death.—The Gospel Trumpet.

Two Incidents of Remarkable Interest

It has been truly said that "The Old Rugged Cross" has won the heart of the world as a simple hymn.

Not only the glorious gospel message of its lovely poem, but the sublimely beautiful melody has an appeal that wins often to a remarkable degree.

The following incident came to the writer's attention during an evangelistic tour in the west.

A very noted Russian violinist was playing the music during a religious service conducted in the park of a California city. The melody was so gripping that a prominent Jewish lady seated in the park listening made inquiry as to what the music was and a Christian worker told her of the story of the song and a Saviour's dying love, and led the Jewess to accept Christ. While this Jewish lady met with many persecutions because she became a Christian, she is ever grateful that the strains of music on the summer air led the way to Him who gave his life on the old rugged Cross.

At the famous Eaton Rapids (Michigan) camp meeting a few summers ago a fine young student of Ashbury College, a charming cornet player, bore witness that while playing the music of the Old Rugged Cross, he felt his heart strangely moved and there felt his call to give his life in service to His Lord and Master. Such has been the power and influence of the Remarkable Song, "The Old Rugged Cross."

Rev. D. E. Reed,

Children's Evangelist,
Methodist Episcopal Church.

The following letter from the Rev. E. E. DeWitt, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Topeka, Indiana, speaks for itself.

In the year 1918 the Rev. A. M. Patterson, one of the honored retired members of the North Indiana Conference was seriously ill and advised by his doctor that he had but a few hours to live. He then requested the daughter of the Rev. E. C. Dunn to sing for him "The Old Rugged Cross," and was so inspired by it that he made a further request that it should be sung by the same lady at his funeral service. This was done, moving the large audience both to tears and thanksgiving. At the close the singer, a high school girl, was herself led to fall at the Master's feet in a deeper consecration than she had ever known. She finished her school and college work, then gave herself to definite Christian service.

I was present on this funeral occasion and heard Miss Dunn sing, noting the electrical effect it had upon the audience.

—Pastor Methodist Church, Bourbon, Ind.

Rev. Geo. Bennard,
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Dear Sir and Brother:

For several years, I have thought that I would write and tell you what the song that God gave to you—THE OLD RUGGED CROSS—has done for me, and how I appreciate a life so devoted that God can work in and through it.

I was saved in 1904 and lived a nominal Christian life for eight or nine years, not having real victory in daily life until an evangelist came to our church in Fremont, Ohio, to hold special meetings. I attended one for men only, and when the evangelist asked those who wanted to receive the Holy Spirit to come forward, in company with about thirty-five other men, I went. God answered my prayers and definitely witnessed to this work of grace.

In 1914, in answer to prayer, I was called to enter the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago to train for the work of an evangelistic singer. I promised the Lord to go, but failed to fulfil this promise, becoming consequently a backslider, never being the same after, in business, social, church or spiritual life.

Two years later, after suffering much bodily and mental sickness, I was asked to accompany another in singing in a public meeting. This I did not feel like doing, but finally rehearsed several times a song I had never sung before—The OLD RUGGED CROSS. After the singing, I was not conscious of any change having taken place in me, but when next day I was asked to walk with some young men, I noticed that everything seemed different, and for the first time in several years I realized that I was a different man. No words can describe how it all seemed to me. I was now prepared to be obedient to my call and prepare for the

work to which God called me. I entered the Moody Institute and graduated in the music course in 1923 and have been out in the evangelistic field ever since. Suddenly, through the medium of your song, I had been made a new creature. Praise the Lord.

Walter S. Burkett, Canton, Ohio.

As this booklet, giving the story of "The Old Rugged Cross" goes forth on its mission, it is a pleasure to me to add my word, for it was at Chicago Evangelistic Institute that "The Old Rugged Cross" was sung for the first time by a large congregation, and those of us who were present will never forget the glory and the inspiration of it. It has been used again and again by our evangelists and missionaries the world around ,and always with the blessing of God upon it.

Such songs as this can never grow old to those who love the message of Calvary. In the midst of the clamor of tongues and the clashing, self-opinionated assertions of this day, there are multitudes who hunger for the comfort and blessing found in the Blood Atonement of our Christ.

I thank God for the inspiration He gave to our Brother Bennard in the writing of this song that will live to bless multitudes until our Lord comes again.

—Your sister in the royal fellowship of the old rugged cross,

Mrs. Iva Durham Vennard, D. D.,
Principal Chicago Evangelistic Institute,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Brother Reverened Bennard:

I was greatly pleased to receive your letter expressing your wish for me to give you my personal experience which I have had with the singing of your song, "The Old Rugged Cross."

First of all, I want to say, it is one of the greatest songs which I sing and people claim that "The Old Rugged Cross" is one of the most popular songs in the world. I fully endorse this statement by saying "yes" it is the best song of the world today.

My experience singing "The Old Rugged Cross" has been one of the outstanding experiences which I have had throughout my career. I presume that I have sung this great song about a thousand times everywhere in this country, and there is not a single time which I sing anywhere, unless there is a request for me to sing "The Old Rugged Cross." Everywhere that I go I still hear the echo from people who attended the convention of the Women's Foreign Missionary society, in Columbus, Ohio; how they were thrilled with my singing of this great song.

People from coast to coast have written me about this song. You will be interested to know a few facts as to how it happened I was inspired the evening when I sung this song in Columbus. I came that day from the state of Oklahoma on the invitation of this convention for me to sing for them, and when I arrived in the city of Columbus, I found that I was not feeling well and particularly on the afternoon of the convention. I gave up hopes of singing that evening as a physician who visited me at the hotel

said I was too weak to sing. I did not give up hopes, however, to have the opportunity to sing to that large gathering of people from all over the world, so I was constantly praying for God to give me this opportunity to sing into the hearts of that great audience. I prayed as I have never prayed before, as I did not want to disappoint them. The story is a long one. At 8:00 o'clock that evening I was still advised not to go to the auditorium, but I did, against the will of the physician. I found myself about 9:30 p. m. ready to make my entrance on the stage, where my part was to come to sing this great song. The last I remember of this experience was when I found myself singing "The Old Rugged Cross" before an audience of five thousand people. The staging of this great pageant was a wonderful masterpiece and this great organization of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society deserves a lot of credit for staging such a scene. There upon the stage they had an old rugged cross made of very rough wood, and there were representatives from all over the world, under the cross. When I got into the climax of the song in the third verse and chorus, I found myself nearing the cross. At the close of the fourth verse, I found myself embracing the cross. I had not planned to do this, and can hardly remember how I walked across that stage, but above all I am still at a loss to know how I was able to render this song in such a way that the whole country is talking about it.

This is my personal answer to the question: It was not I who did the singing, I felt strange that night, as I have never felt before, and I know it must have been the divine inspiration of God who made me sing "The Old Rugged Cross" as people still talk about hearing me sing.

I have sung this song during the last year before nearly a hundred thousand people from coast to coast and still going strong. To me there is not a greater song which I would rather sing in any of my concerts, or anywhere, than "The Old Rugged Cross." I am very happy that you have written to me and I do hope I will have the pleasure of meeting you personally, as I would like to sing this song before the author, and I shall call it a real privilege to make your acquaintance.

Mario Cappelli,
Grand Concert and Gospel Soloist,
of New York City.

After The Cross The Crown

By Isa L. Christenson

When all around seems dark and drear,
Thy heart with lonely grief bowed down,
No earthly friend to soothe or cheer,
There's One who lends a listening ear
And says, "My child, give me thy fear:
After the cross the crown."

When hope lies dead, and not one ray
Of sunshine lights the world's dark frown;
When sorrow's tear, like ocean's spray,
Will from thy burdened heart find way:
In accents tender hear Him say,
"After the cross the crown."

Poor tossed one, weep no more, but leave
At His dear feet thy burden down;
Thy Father speaks, no longer grieve;
Rejoice in Him, His Word believe;
Earth's night is brief; thou'lt soon receive
After the cross thy crown.

WOODSTOCK, ONT.

The Radio World

10,000 Drawn to Church by Radio Sermon

A lay sermon on "Rugged Religion" drew more than 10,000 persons to the Little Brown Church in the Vale, the First Community Church of the Air, whose services are broadcast every Sunday evening over WLS, Chicago, the radio station of the Sears-Roebuck Agricultural Foundation. It was just one of the weekly human talks of Samuel R. Guard, the lay leader of this radio church, which has no creed.

In addition to filling the pews of the air with 10,000 people this twenty minute talk by Mr. Guard Sunday evening, October 10, on "The Old Rugged Cross" demonstrated that the right kind of talk will go over the radio. Talks are generally taboo at most radio stations of the country, education being made secondary to entertainment. But the leader of this church of the air is an unusual man and his talks to his ether wave audience are typical of the man. They are unusual with a human ring that digs down deep into the hearts of his weekly radio congregation. His sermon on "The Old Rugged Cross" he illustrated with verses of the song of the Rev. George Bennard. The song was rendered vocally and instrumentally during the sermon.

For a talk to draw 10,341 letters of appreciation is a radio record. Mr. Guard has been studying radio appeal for three years and he has built up a radio church congregation that is steadily increasing in numbers. But the filling of 10,000 "pews in the air" at a single service was a surprise even to this young, enthusiastic church leader.

"And, if perchance, you would remember this sermon, call it "The Old Rugged Cross," said Mr. Guard after announcing his text from St. Luke, 23-26. And more than 10,000 did remember it and wrote personal letters to the lay pastor of WLS, telling him that they had "listened in" and enjoyed his "Rugged Religion" talk.

"Ours is a rugged religion," said the radio church leader. "It is built around a rugged cross—not around a throne, but a cross; not around an altar, a church, but around a place of expiation; not around a pageant of victory, but around a scene of defeat. The actual cross on which Christ hung has long since rotted and returned to dust. Jesus never meant his disciples to dwindle down into a race of site worshippers. The sanctities He would have them cherish are truth and goodness and virtue and purity and charity and good will and love and service. The service He would have them render is to the living, and the God He would have them worship is the great Spirit who must be worshipped 'in spirit and in truth.'"

Then after tracing the trend of religious thought down through the ages the radio pastor concluded with this exhortation:

"Today it is a bankrupt religion that has no cross. It is a stale religion that has grown so used to the cross as to be no longer thrilled by its gaunt arms and grim tragedy. It is a spent religion that has become so cultured as to be powerless to reproduce. Back to the old rugged cross!"

And with the words of the famous old hymn ringing in their ears the radio congregation left their pews in the air . . .

"I will cherish the old rugged cross,
Till my trophies at last I lay down;
I will cling to the old rugged cross,
And exchange it some day for a crown."

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Dear friend Bennard:

Let me give you some facts in reference to "The Old Rugged Cross" that have come to me.

When I was making the Cokesbury Hymnal for the Southern Methodist Church, they sent out a questionnaire, and Mr. Whitmore told me that "The Old Rugged Cross" received more requests than any other song in the book.

I was talking with Arthur Billings Hunt, who puts on the Hymn Sing over the National Broadcasting chain and he told me that of all the requests that come to them "The Old Rugged Cross" always stood four to one of any other selection.

I was talking to the sponsor of the Sacred Song Hour over KDKA, and she gave a tabulated list of fifty songs. This was a tabulation of all the requests that are coming in through KDKA for a period of one year and on this list "The Old Rugged Cross" was the first of any number with more requests than any other sacred song.

Wherever, I have had a chance to check up, I have always found "The Old Rugged Cross" the most popular hymn of the present day.

Very cordially yours, Geo. W. Sanville,
Eastern Manager for Rodeheaver Company.

The Old Rugged Cross

By Homer A. Rodeheaver*

An interesting check-up was recently made at one of our large Chicago broadcasting stations to determine the song most requested, and the owners of the station were surprised to learn that it was not one of the popular songs of the day, not even one of the old folk songs or one of the classics, but a simple gospel song, "The Old Rugged Cross." In some way the message of this song touches the hearts of folks in a way that no other song does or can. Other stations have also made this same check-up and found the same thing, that "The Old Rugged Cross" was requested more often than any other song. And it is true with the great broadcasting chains, too.

I know of no story that illustrates the effect of this song to the world like that which was told me by a missionary over in China. During Mr. Sunday's great meeting in New York City, a group of girls dedicated themselves for life service, and started preparation for the foreign field. They honored me by calling themselves the "Rody Club." When one of these girls, Miss Alice Schaefer, left for China, I presented her with a little portable phonograph and some of my records, among them a record of "The Old Rugged Cross." She went across to China and was stationed in the Ming Sam School for the Blind at Canton. On a recent trip around the world, I visited this School and sang for the little children there, and while I was there, Miss Schaefer told me this story:

*Gospel Song Evangelist and Radio Artist. Owner of "The Old Rugged Cross" copyright.

"After I arrived here, I one day brought my little portable phonograph down to one of the study halls and was playing it for some of the teachers. While I was playing "The Old Rugged Cross," we noticed a little girl feel her way down the aisle to where one of the teachers sat, and then stand and listen quietly. I asked about her, and the teachers told me that she had curious fits of temper and nothing would seem to quiet them, but she seemed so quiet and enjoyed the singing so much, even though she couldn't understand the words, that we tried a little experiment. The next time she had one of these fits of temper, we brought her to the phonograph and played this record of "The Old Rugged Cross" and immediately she became quiet. The doctors over there believe that she will be cured by the music in this way."

As I heard Miss Schaefer tell this story, I thought to myself, "What a wonderful illustration of how this old nervous, distraught, rushing world could be quieted by the message of "The Old Rugged Cross."

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My dear Mr. Bennard:

I was delighted to receive your letter and very much interested to know that you are the author of "The Old Rugged Cross." This is by far the most popular hymn in America today as shown by the requests which come in for it.

I hope if you are ever in New York that you will come up and be a guest of our program.

Very sincerely, Phillips H. Lord,
Broadcasts Famous "Seth Parker" Programs
National Broadcasting Network.

The Jazz

By Margaret Sangster
in "Christian Herald"

I was in a radio station the other night, listening to the broadcasting of a program.

Naturally I was intensely interested. Interested in what the performers did and how they were handled and the precision with which the timing was accomplished. But the one thing that interested me more than the actual happenings in the studio, was something quite apart from the especial broadcast that was taking place. For, as I sat there, I was conscious of a great flurry going on in an outer office. I could see, as I sat there a constant stream of messenger boys—and I was conscious of an equally constant answering of telephones. I couldn't help feeling that some great event was taking place—or was about to take place.

And so the moment that the broadcast was over, I went into that outer office and began to ask questions.

"Why the excitement?" I asked of a pretty stenographer. "I've never seen such bustling about—"

The girl smiled as she replied.

"A very popular singer is going to broadcast tonight," she told me, "and people are sending in requests that he sing their favorite song. Curiously enough, with hardly any exception, it's the same song!"

"What song is it?" I asked.

And I was both amazed and stirred to learn that the radio audience was asking for one of the splendid old revival hymns—"The Old Rugged Cross."—Christian Herald.

Houston, Texas,
September 9, 1930.

Dear Brother Bennard:

Having learned that you are getting out a book, telling something of the good accomplished through your song, "The Old Rugged Cross," and how it came to be written, I take the liberty of writing you my experience with this great gospel hymn and in my many programs on the air of "RADIO RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES," here and in the southland.

We never fail to have from twenty to fifty requests each week on our Skyline Radio Chapel hour of KPRC for this great song. Our broadcast on Sundays opens with it each morning, by popular request.

Our newest feature, the FAMILY WORSHIP hour, heard daily from Station KTLC, has to include it in two or three of its programs each week.

Every request program on all four of our local broadcasting stations, no matter if it be dance, solo, instrumental or what not, have from five to fifty requests for it.

I have been in many evangelistic services as gospel singer, during the past twenty years, and never have seen or heard of a gospel hymn having such remarkable popular appeal as this great song has.

Recently I was in a meeting, and a male quartet sang this number, the impression being so marked on the great audience that the evangelist without even preaching a sentence of a sermon, made the altar call and some 150 people came and were saved in the good, old-fashioned way.

As you know, I for a period of two years was associated with you in your evangelistic labors. This song really paints a picture of the life you live and preach.

"The Old Rugged Cross" is a monument that will go down in history as no monument of marble or granite could ever do. If any one was ever inspired of the Spirit, you were certainly inspired when you wrote those beautiful words, and lined out that simple and wonderful melody.

Your crown will contain numberless jewels when you stand before the great white throne and hear the gracious words of the King of Kings, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter the joy of thy Lord."

Sincerely, with a heart full of love and appreciation,

Chas. C. Hard,
Gospel singer and pianist, Houston, Texas.

Rev. Geo. Bennard,
948 Fourteenth St.,
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Dear Friend:

As regards the result of the song over Radio Station WAIU, we carried on the voting as to the song which was the great favorite of the radio listeners over a period of about six weeks, and at the end of that time we found that among the hundreds who had sent in their favorite and second, third, fourth and fifth selections, that "The Old Rugged Cross" had more than twice as many votes as any other song, and that the total vote for "The Old Rugged Cross" was larger for first choice than all the other firsts combined.

Most sincerely yours in Christ,

Don R. Falkenberg, Executive Secretary,
Business Men's Council of Pocket Testament League,
Columbus, Ohio.

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